

The Monthly Musical Record.

OCTOBER 1, 1881.

STATE OF MUSIC BEFORE THE RISE OF THE OPERA.

THERE are two distinct histories of music—one the history of learned or scholar's music, the other the history of music as "understanded of" by the people. Of the first, it may be remarked, it has been created by the necessities of public worship. Music is a necessary part of public worship, or rather an essentiality, for, in fact, music is the loom by means of which the service is woven. Song and dance are the forms "understanded of" by the common people. They are the vernacular music of the human race, and, like language amongst the common people, the modes of thought and expression are of a very limited nature. It has been said that the ordinary working man of this country rarely uses more than three hundred words, a vocabulary found to be fully sufficient for the exigencies of human life in that degree. Now, if the dictionary for the utterance of the thoughts and ideas of the working man be so short and yet so satisfactory, how small, how very tiny, will be the expressions of his musical language in even its fullest and most perfect range and character. A song, if not cast in the form to which he is accustomed, if not fixed in the framework familiar to him, is no song. With the dance, however, there is not so much uncertainty, for there must always be in a dance-tune a rhythm, and a shape which appeal to the muscles. And yet there is many a dance on which the common order of people could bestow but little or any sympathy. The grace, dignity, and repose, of an old Court dance complete the idea of a dance wholly foreign to the notions of a working man, and it would prove as distasteful to his feelings as it would be impossible with his habits to realise. But as in the case of the working man's language, the three hundred words form the very foundation of the language itself, so is it with his music, his song and dance will prove to be the real basis of all secular composition. It is a curious fact that for many centuries these three elemental forms of music were found to be amply sufficient for the wants of the people of every grade and class. However rude they may now appear, they satisfied the noble and the baron, the vassal and his slave.

The time came for a marvellous advance in language, arts, and sciences, and the classic models of the old world may be said to have directed and governed the minds of the great artists who took the lead in this movement, and whose works remain with us as imperishable records of the blaze of light at that time shed over Christendom. This advance took place some four centuries ago, but with respect to music, however might be desired its advancement in degrees similar to that of poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture, that desire could not be gratified, for there were no

such models in music of ancient days to appeal to. There were no forms to imitate, no perfection to seek to attain to; in fact, there was nothing to look up to. There had existed with the Greeks a language-music, a declamation, or what may be termed a large and varied kind of recitative, which was, no question, as artistic in character as it was effective in result; and looking backward on still more ancient times there was in the Hebrew Church an order of song, beyond contradiction fully equal to the expression of the most marvellous poems that the world had ever seen or will see.

But in the Church the artistic life of music was directed to the creation of an entirely new thing—the musical composition in many parts. The study of music in this direction ultimately led to the discovery of the doctrine of the harmonic rhythm; and in the early treatment of the harmonic rhythm, the language-rhythms were altogether neglected, and in many instances destroyed. The discovery of the harmonic rhythm and the creation of part-music led, as far as respects the Church, to the destruction of the natural rhythms of the language. To read the portion of Scripture selected by Tallis or Tye, or any other worthy of the Tudor epoch, in the times and rhythms invented by those composers, would be a dreary and distasteful task. But it was too much for human nature to endure that for the pleasure resulting from listening to a succession of little more than chords in music, the higher pleasure of appropriate and beautiful expression in language should not simply be ignored, but one might almost say designedly and of wilful purpose utterly destroyed; so much so that whether the words were jubilant or penitential, the form of the presentation in music prevented any attempt of their true expression in spirit, and concealed, if not indeed mutilated, the harmonious and charming proportion of the words as mere language.

BACH'S ORGAN COMPOSITIONS AND THEIR TREATMENT.

It is somewhat difficult to realise to ourselves the place which the organ, and the compositions written for or extemporised upon it, took in the musical world of North Germany at the time when Bach was the great virtuoso on the instrument. In the present day the organ is so much kept in the background, so almost universally regarded as a kind of exceptional instrument, chiefly met with in churches, and useful mainly for the accompanying of church choirs in the performance of psalms, hymns, and anthems, that it is difficult to carry ourselves back to a time when this instrument was the leading solo instrument of the day, furnishing the same opportunity for the display of musical memory, readiness, and executive power, which the grand pianoforte now furnishes to our leading executants, and apparently attracting something of the same kind of interest and enthusiasm which now-a-days leads people to wait long in the lobbies of St. James's Hall in order to get the

best available seats to hear Rubinstein or Bülow, or some more recent light of the key-board. Yet there is no doubt that such was the place occupied by the organ when Silbermann built and Bach played. The instrument was usually situated in a church, but it was available at extra-service hours for an organ-player to show what he could do in the way of extemporising fugues, and what were his proficiencies as a pedalist. And the performance to be heard was a higher one in some respects than that which is to be heard at our modern pianoforte recitals. The passionate feeling, which is so distinctive a character in modern music, was not then awakened, certainly, and the themes treated might have seemed cold and formal to modern ears. But to balance this there was the display, not merely of executive and interpretative power, but of the power of musical construction and combination in a degree which is rarely displayed now. Few leading organ players thought of playing from notes: to prelude, and then to conduct a fugue, either on a subject supplied by others or invented by the player, to a well-wrought-out and logical climax, was the object of the ambition of the player, and of the interest of the hearers. Such a style of public performance, if restricted in its form of expression, was in some senses loftier and more dignified in its aim than much of modern solo-playing can be said to be.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the element of display, of "virtuosity" we may perhaps call it, was absent from these organ performances in the old Lutheran churches. That element, we hold, was never absent from any healthy period of musical life, nor from the mind and sympathy of any healthily-constituted musical genius. The joy of triumphing over executive difficulties is in itself a feeling not to be despised; and it is difficult for any good musician to write or to execute an effective *bravura* without leaving in the minds of the listeners a sensation of something more than mere executive power, a feeling of having been under the influence of an intellectual energy. And Bach, there is every reason to think, was no exception to the rule that nearly all great musicians have been great performers. He was, at an early period, proud of his executive power, and liked to display it, and he had predecessors who had enjoyed a similar reputation. Buxtehude, his most eminent predecessor, was the great executant musician of his day and country, who drew crowds to his organ performances, just as eminent pianists now draw crowds to their recitals. And it is in regard to this that one part of the interest attaching to Bach's organ music arises. For it was in this department of composition chiefly, if not solely, that he was brought into public competition with the musical talent of his day, and measured himself in composition and executive power against his contemporaries. Hence there is a peculiar interest attaching to his organ music, rather different from that which attaches to his great choral works. The latter were written in advance of the musical capabilities of his day; they

were written up to a theory of ideal excellence and completeness rather than with a view to effective performance at the time; and it seems scarcely possible that he could have heard the *Passion* adequately performed, or the B minor mass performed at all, for his own ears to hear. But in his organ music he wrote that proportion of it which he did write down and publish (a small proportion probably of what he played) for public performance on the spot, and with the resources and means actually available; so that in this class of composition we have him, as it were, face to face with his public, and relying on practical effectiveness as well as on theoretic or ideal excellence in his music.

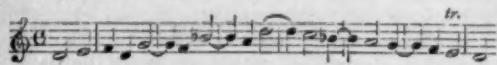
If we study the organ compositions merely in regard to this quality of effectiveness, it is remarkable how wide is the space between Bach and not only his predecessors but his immediate successors. It must not be supposed by any means, however, that the most admired compositions previous to his day are in one sense dry or ineffective. In Buxtehude's compositions—some of which have been re-published lately, the opening for criticism is rather in the other direction. In Buxtehude there is not only a good deal of fancy and inventiveness (not very much constructive power), but there is a certain amount of sensationalism. His compositions show in many cases a decided aim at the production of taking effects, calculated to "bring down the gallery," as when he amuses himself and his hearers by pounding away upon a repeated note on the pedals as if he were forestalling the part of the *grosse caisse* in the modern orchestra, and perhaps, at the same time, battering on the key-board with full chords in both hands in quick repetition.* Some of the subjects of his fugues are brilliant and taking, and worked up to an effective climax, although in a popular and superficial manner. In short, the merit of his compositions has been overrated, as that of all revived works is sure to be. Buxtehude had not made an organ style; he played on the organ as an all-round instrument for the production of telling effects, but the aesthetics of the organ was evidently hardly developed into any shape in his time. It was reserved for Bach to do this, and it is remarkable how strongly his perception of what is or is not suitable for the genius of the instrument is displayed even at the period when he was still evidently under the influence of the style of Buxtehude. Such a passage as that which we have quoted below would have been impossible to Bach at any time; he would instinctively have felt the vulgarity of such a use of the



instrument. The distinction between him and his model (for in his younger days he is known to have been an admiring student of the popular organ player) may be well studied in comparing his brilliant fugue in D major (the delight of young players) with that in F by Buxtehude, by which it is evidently suggested, not only in regard to general style, but even to a certain similarity in some of the passages. Both are essentially *bravura* works, and in both the theme of the fugue is calculated rather for the suggestion of brilliant passage-playing than of modulation, which in reference to the highest capabilities of this form of music is a manifest defect. But in the Bach composition we are struck at once by the power and vivacity of the lead-off of the prelude, and its bold modulations and transpositions; and in the fugue, though the subject is not essentially an organ subject, and the treatment is rather weak in places, it is worked up to a climax quite beyond the power of Buxtehude, and is noteworthy throughout for the experience it shows in the handling of the instrument, in the most effective way of grouping the chords and disposing the parts, of which there is no evidence in Bach's predecessor. The whole is a very brilliant and effective show piece, with a pedal part in which one can imagine Bach prided himself in showing off his powers as a pedal player on the heavy and broad-scaled pedal key-boards of his day; and in spite of its old-fashioned style, it is still very effective to a modern audience when brilliantly played, in a place not too large for echo to interfere with the clear production of the pedal passages.

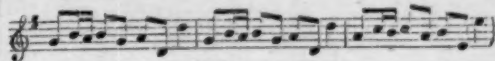
Bach, however, when he wrote this prelude and fugue, was still in his first style, derived from his predecessors, and though avoiding some of their faults of æsthetic, he had not yet found the true organ style which he afterwards developed. The characteristics which distinguish this early style in his organ compositions are the comparatively mannered character of the ornamental and *bravura* passages, mostly founded on arpeggios, and a certain tuneful character in the themes of the fugues, without the weight and dignity and the suggestiveness in regard to modulation which the subjects of his later organ fugues display.

Between such a fugue subject as that of the D major, already referred to, and such as this,



there is the length of a lifetime, a transition from the flowery paths to the stern and severe purposes of art. There are some intermediate steps of interest, however, between the one and the other phase of Bach's organ music. It might be classed under three heads, not perhaps capable of precise chronological division, but approximately belonging to three periods. There is the period when he was still working on the lines of his predecessors, though with much greater power and effectiveness. Then there are works in which the

same class of effect is aimed at, but with an almost entire escape from the mannerisms of the old school; such as the well-known C minor fugue, written on a subject originally given as one for extempore treatment to the candidates for an organist's post. In this noble and effective work we have the *bravura* idea still retaining its place, for it is in great measure a show fugue, in which, in fact, the technical difficulties are considerably greater than in the early D major fugue, though making less show; but the old mannered passages in arpeggios have almost entirely disappeared, and the composer displays an originality, fire, and effectiveness in his passage writing, which renders not only the work of his predecessors, but his own early works, tame and academical in comparison. Then we have the crowning achievements of his genius, in which either mere effectiveness is put aside in the search after a loftier tone and style, as in the fugue in the Doric mode, of which we have quoted the subject, or in which, as in the A minor fugue, the element of difficulty and display is so subordinate to the higher elements of the composition that it ceases to appear as an object, and seems only to grow naturally out of the development of the dramatic expression of the leading idea. We say dramatic expression advisedly, for in some of these works the intensity of expression, limited as it is by the form of the composition, rises quite to the level implied by those words. The close of the A minor fugue, for example, is a piece of magnificent musical declamation, in the excitement of playing or hearing which the supposed limitations of fugue composition are entirely forgotten. In other works, such as the B minor prelude and the E minor fugue, with its marvellous intermezzo movement, from which Mendelssohn took so many suggestions, entirely new forms of treating organ music are brought forward—forms which must have been of bewildering novelty and strangeness at the time of their production, and which are still entirely untouched by time. It is a notable proof how far Bach was in advance of his day even in organ music alone, that these latter works seem to have had no influence on the style of his successors, even of his pupils. His sons—one or two of them—wrote organ pieces in a safe, tame, and correct style; his pupils, Kittel and Krebs, reverted to the early arpeggio style, as witness the long and brilliant fugue in G by the latter, based on a subject which might have come from the workshop of Bach in his young days.



(To be continued.)

J. C. LOBE.

THE Nestor of the Leipzig musical world, Professor Johann Christian Lobe, died on the 27th July last, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Having retired from public life some long time since, he awaited with quiet resignation the end of his days.

Born at Weimar in 1797, he soon evinced a love for music. The first lessons he received were on the flute, from his father; after having made great progress, these were continued at the expense of the Hereditary Grand Duchess Marie Paulowna, with excellent results. At twelve years of age he played for the first time in public, and two years later he entered the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra as a solo player. (The reader will find in our number for February, 1875, an autobiographical notice of J. C. Lobe relating to this period, which will well repay him for the trouble of reference). His appointment as second flautist in the Court Band of Weimar allowed him sufficient time to study harmony and counterpoint, as well as to occupy himself in his studies as a *virtuoso*, and to enlarge generally his musical knowledge. He did not hesitate long to essay his skill in writing. Several compositions for his instrument were followed by a two-act opera—*The Conversion of Wittekind*—for which he wrote the libretto himself, and which was performed several times at Weimar in 1821. Soon after, several larger works were composed, such as overtures and pianoforte quartets. In 1830 his second opera—*Die Filibustier*—appeared, and this was performed also at Weimar with great success. The overture has since become a favourite concert piece. From that period to the year 1844 three other operas had seen the light—*Die Fürstin von Granada* ("The Princess of Granada"), successfully performed at Weimar, Leipzig, and Cassel; *Der rothe Domino* ("The Red Domino"); and *König und Pächter* ("The King and the Farmer").

In 1842 Lobe ceased to be a member of the Court Band at Weimar, and having been distinguished by the Grand Duke with the title of Professor, he devoted himself entirely to literary writing, wherein he had already shown great ability. In 1846 he founded his new home in Leipzig. Here he worked with great diligence for the journals and newspapers, and was for two years the editor of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*. At the same time he taught harmony and composition. At a later period his *Fliegende Blätter für Musik* and *Musikalische Briefe eines Wohlbekannten* ("Musical Letters of a Well-known One") enjoyed great popularity. Of his "Methods," which are all written with great care, and are excellent from their clear and lucid explanations and treatment, his *Lehrbuch der Musikalischen Composition* is the most important work. To his later works belong his "Catechisms of Music and Composition," which enjoy great popularity through their terse and familiar treatment of the necessary material, and which are alike useful to the young artist and the ambitious amateur.

ADELINA PATTI IN AMERICA.

THE *tournee* in America of Mme. Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini is now definitively arranged, and the dates of their appearances in the several cities will be as follow:—In New York (Steinway Hall), Wednesday evenings, November 9, 16, and 23; Brooklyn (the Academy), November 28; Boston

(Music Hall), December 2, 5, 10, and 13; Providence, December 16; New Haven, December 20; Hartford, December 23; New York (Steinway Hall), December 29; afterwards to Baltimore, Washington, Rochester, Philadelphia (three concerts at the Academy of Music), New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany, Boston (March 28), and New York (March 31). Altogether thirty-nine appearances are arranged for Mme. Adelina Patti. What reception awaits this gifted and *unique* artist may be easily guessed. In childhood a little phenomenon, in womanhood she is the greatest that ever trod the lyric stage. In Europe, which has been called the nursing mother of art and artists, Adelina Patti has been without a rival, without a peer. With what affection, then, will she be regarded on her return to the country which she left as an infant prodigy when she appears in all the splendour of her power and charm! We are very sure a welcome will be accorded her only equalled in intensity by our regret at her departure from us. Queen of Song is her indisputable title; her throne cannot be challenged. And as "Queen's weather" has become a household word amongst us, we can but hope that may be accorded her, together with a calm sea and a prosperous voyage.

TO ADELINA PATTI

ON HER DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA, OCTOBER, 1881.

L' ADDIO.

Parti! Oh rammarico!
S' offuscan l' ore,
Il sol più splendido
Tramonta e muore.

L' ASSENZA.

Manchi! Oh mestizia!
Notte di tomba
M' attrista l' anima,
Nel duol la piomba.

IL RITORNO.

Riedi! Oh delizia!
Fatto ha ritorno
L' aurora splendida
D' ameno giorno.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

MUSICAL meetings under the term of festivals are not novelties either in Germany or in England, but whereas in the former these meetings have generally been held for some such purpose as to inaugurate a statue or to commemorate some important event, in the latter they have been held, with few exceptions, as celebrations having for their object the cause of charity. This is at once a shield against many a shaft which might fly from the artist's quiver when directed to the works which appear under the ægis of such commemorations. "Charity," as the holy apostle saith, "suffereth much," and as the object is so laudable nothing should be permitted to interfere with the benevolence called forth on such occasions.

How many noble works of art have been ushered into the world by the festivals of Germany need not here be recounted, they are within the memory of many living amongst us. But from the little town of Ellrich in the Harz sprang one who, with Louis Spohr, made the music-meeting a real power in art. This man, Georg Friedrich Bischoff, in connection both with Spohr and C. M. von Weber, deserves to be noticed in having established a reputation for these festivals in Germany, which has been uninterrupted to this day. The glory shed upon them by Mendelssohn himself is undimmed.

The origin of the festivals held in the three cathedral cities of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester, is like many another event of interest, the result of accident. The chancellor of the diocese of Hereford, Dr. Thomas Bysshe, observing that the three choirs met to sing in festive harmony for their own gratification, suggested that these "Sons of song" should assist at the cathedral, and after the service a collection should be made at the doors. This took place in the year 1724, and the amount collected was thirty guineas, which was appropriated to charitable purposes. It was then arranged that festivals should be held at Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, in rotation annually. These at first lasted but two days, afterwards they were extended, and finally settled by the performance of Handel's Epos, the *Messiah*.

The meeting at Worcester just ended was the one hundred and fifty-eighth of the three choirs; and although for a time threatening signs were visible, the lovers of the great "Osanna song" must now be congratulated on the fact of their festival being permitted to assert its wonted influence in the neighbourhood. As music possesses a greater power than anything else in aiding the cause of charity, it would have been deplorable had the mistaken views of some prevailed, and that, after a century and a half, one source of benefit to the poorer members of the clergy should have been diverted or dried up. Our cathedrals, with lofty roof and long-drawn aisle, were built for the worship and praise of the Creator by his creatures; and if the oblation offered be of an exalted and noble character, and used solely in relation to the Supreme Being, it cannot but be acceptable. The meeting has been distinguished by the performance of much that is excellent in art. Of the music given in the cathedral there have been *Elijah* and *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, *Mount of Olives* of Beethoven, Grand Mass of Cherubini in D minor, *Creation* of Haydn, *Jephtha* and *Messiah* of Handel, Cantata of Spohr ("God, Thou art great"), Motett of Mozart ("O God, when Thou appearest"), and an Anthem of Handel ("The king shall rejoice"). Of instrumental music there have been the symphony in C minor of Beethoven (given in the cathedral), and for the concerts in the College Hall the overtures *Il Flauto Magico* of Mozart, *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Mendelssohn, and *Guillaume Tell* of Rossini. The vocal music for the concerts has consisted of excerpts from the works of

Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, Verdi, Gounod, Wagner, Benedict, &c.

To enter into the merits of each work is unnecessary, especially as many form the staple of every music-meeting; and this is unavoidable, for music being essentially the people's art, that which is known and popular will ever find its place. But that Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* should be travestied by being presented under a worthless guise is matter for regret. Surely the time has come for such prejudices and weaknesses to cease. The *Mount of Olives* demands better treatment than to be under any excuse miserably metamorphosed into an *Engedi*. The performance, as well as the introduction of Cherubini's great mass into the scheme of the festival, reflect the highest credit on all concerned. It was said by the favourite pupil of the last-named composer of sacred music, "Genius does not grow old, and there are men so favoured by heaven that Time in his course waits for them." In this composition we find a veritable masterpiece of thought, style, and execution, exhibiting all the resources of the art. It has, indeed, the power and the elevation of a Michael Angelo. The effect in a cathedral of such solemn music may well be said to accord in volume and grandeur with the mighty building itself. "It fills the vast pile—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away, and floated upwards on the swelling tide of harmony."

The performance of the several works has been for the most part careful and satisfactory. The united choirs have earned well-deserved eulogium, and the principal singers have acquitted themselves after their usual and devoted manner. These latter have comprised Mme. Albani, Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Anna Williams, Mme. Patey, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Maas, Mr. Smith, Mr. Dyson, Mr. F. King, Mr. Millward, and Herr Henschel. The duties of conductor have been in the hands of Mr. Done, the organist of the cathedral, who has had chiefly to bear the burden of the day; Mr. C. H. Lloyd, the organist of Gloucester, has undertaken the duties at the organ jointly with Mr. Colborne, the organist of Hereford, who has also performed the duty of accompanist. The orchestra comprised the leading instrumentalists of London, and had the advantage of M. Sainton's services as leader. Its position was rightly fixed at the west end of the cathedral, its elevation was just, and its disposition all that could be desired. In fact, the *coup d'œil* was perfect, for such a specimen of restored and perfect art as the nave of Worcester Cathedral presents might be looked for elsewhere in vain. What is termed the *Cursus* music was performed by the three united choirs, whose practised voices in this responsorial music gave great weight and dignity to those undying strains of Tallis which bridge over the ancient liturgies, and connect them with that of our own. As regards the chants and anthem music of our cathedrals, it was notably said by the late Dr. Sebastian Wesley, then organist of Gloucester Cathedral, that a very small

volume would contain all that was worth preserving. But in this matter there seems to be much industry exhibited at the present time, and it is to be hoped something more worthy of the sacred fane may soon appear.

With regard to the new works in connection with the festival, and also with regard to those comparatively new, so much attention has been devoted to them, and their analysis has been so carefully undertaken, that there remains nothing to be added. Time will assuredly place its seal on their respective merits, and give to each an unerring verdict.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.

THE programme for the Norwich Festival, shortly to take place, is now before us. In it we find evidence of much thoughtful consideration. While the great classics are not neglected, many new, and some important works will be produced. We can but hope that amongst this latter may be found that which will claim honourable mention, should it even fail to secure lasting fame.

The first day opens with Sir Michael Costa's arrangement of our National Anthem, after which Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* will follow, and inaugurate the Festival. On the second day the unfinished Symphony of Schubert has precedence in the first part; the remaining works are the well-known Motett of J. S. Bach, *Blessing, Glory, Wisdom, and Thanks*; a concerto for organ and orchestra, a novelty of its kind, by E. Prout; the beautiful *Ave Maria* of Verdi; and Macfarren's overture, *St. John the Baptist*. The second part is occupied with Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*. At the evening concert of Wednesday will be heard the legend of *Faust*, by Hector Berlioz. Considering the excitement caused in London of late by its repeated performance, this cannot but prove welcome to Norwich amateurs. Beethoven's noble overture to Goethe's tragedy *Egmont* forms the opening number of the first part of Thursday morning's concert. The work following is a sacred cantata, *St. Ursula*, the music by F. H. Cowen, the libretto by R. E. Francillon. The second part of the concert is devoted to Mendelssohn's *Athalie*. This will be attended with some novelty, for Mr. Santley has undertaken to recite the poem. Our versatile baritone seems determined to win his spurs. Thursday evening commences with the Symphony in E flat, No. 3 of Haydn, which is succeeded by a choral ode, *The Sun Worshipers*, by Arthur Goring Thomas, to words of Casimir Delavigne, adapted by Charles Scott, together with an excerpt from an opera of Signor Ettore Fiori, the professor of singing, and an overture by Walter Macfarren (*King Henry V.*). Miscellaneous *morceaux* fill the remaining portion. Among these are Wagner's overture *Rienzi*, the tenor song from Gounod's *Reine de Saba*, under the name of "Irene," the Torreador's Song from *Carmen*, and the March from Costa's oratorio *Eli*. As customary, Handel's *Messiah* will be heard at the Festival; indeed, this great work

"for all time" is as a chief corner-stone, and indispensable; this will occupy the whole of Friday morning. The evening will bring the Festival to a close with numerous and favourite compositions, including the overture to *Prometheus* of Beethoven, the exquisite Song to the Star from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, the recitative and aria from *Le Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart, "Giunse alfin il momento," Rienzi's prayer, and the celebrated air from *Le Pré-aux-clercs*, with violin obbligato accompaniment. A new "Harvest Festival Symphonic Poem," by J. F. Barnett, also finds a place at this concert. Sterndale Bennett's overture to *The Naiads*; the tenor song from Weber's *Euryanthe*; "With verdure clad," from Haydn's *Creation*; the famous canzone of Ricci, "Sulla poppa del mio brik;" the now celebrated duetto, "Canta la Serenata," from Boito's *Mefistofele*; and the overture to *Ali Baba*, of Cherubini, form a fitting and worthy climax to much promise and hopeful expectation. The *artistes* engaged are favourites with the public. The list embraces the names of Mme. Albani, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Mary Davies, *soprani*; Mme. Patey and Mme. Mudie-Bolingbroke, *contralti*; Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. McGuckin, *tenori*; and Mr. Santley, Mr. F. King, and Mr. Brockbank, *baritone and bassi*. The organist is Dr. Bunnnett, of the cathedral, and the chorus-master Dr. Horace Hill. The band and chorus will number 350 performers. The orchestra, composed of players of experience, will be led by Mr. Carrodus. The conductor, Signor Randegger, although new in his position, is old in his art. Sir Julius Benedict, who for a number of years wielded the *bâton*, has resigned the office, but his influence will not have been lost, any more than the enthusiastic labours of a former conductor, Mr. Edward Taylor, through whose instrumentality the presence and co-operation of Spohr was secured, which gave weight and importance to the Norwich meetings.

There have lately appeared in the columns of a contemporary some excellent remarks *à propos* of this subject, a portion of which we reprint.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

This is the season of provincial musical festivals, and already our columns have contained full particulars concerning that held in the ancient city of Worcester. Soon there will be occasion to speak of another given in Norwich; while, during the week, musical doings of a festive character are taking place at Oswestry, presently to be followed by grand performances at Huddersfield. There is no indication whatever that these autumnal gatherings are losing their hold upon the public. The signs, indeed, are all the other way. It is true that musical festivals once prevailed where now there are none, but it is also a fact that places which formerly knew them not, know them, at the present moment, very well indeed. The institution, moreover, is not only strong enough to hold its own, but displays the vitality essential to growth. This is somewhat remarkable under the circumstances, because, while musical culture advances with rapid strides, modern facilities of travel furnish provincial amateurs with all the means of gratifying refined tastes which the metropolis can boast. Years ago amateurs had to organise a festival in their own locality, or in a very considerable measure to exist without the highest forms of music. Railways have changed all that, yet festivals are as popular as ever in towns which do not, like Manchester, enjoy perennial artistic life. To this result many causes contribute. Generally there is a charity to benefit; often the amateur element is so strong as to demand a supreme manifestation, and not unfrequently local rivalry, or a kind of civic *esprit de corps*, becomes a factor in the case. On one point, however, there is perfect uniformity. Whether the scene be Birmingham,

Norwich, Bristol, Leeds, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, or any other place, a consensus of opinion respecting the artistic value of musical festivals exists. As to the social benefits they confer local judgment may be taken as conclusive, since none other could possibly rest upon so sound a basis of knowledge. In the matter of artistic worth, equal weight can hardly be attached to it, but, after all, unanimity of conviction goes for something. For ourselves, seeing how it accords with observation and experience, we accept unanimity as proof in the case. Our views upon the matter in question have never been undecided or vacillating. We have seen, and continue to see, in the provincial musical festival, as at present conducted, a most important means towards the end of universal culture, and we hold that the day will be one of ill omen when, if ever, the institution wanes in public favour.

It may be necessary to inform the vast majority, even of interested persons, that the worth of solemnities like that celebrated in Worcester last week does not meet with entire recognition. The silence of contented and unquestioning acquiescence is broken from time to time by voices of strange accent and intonation, protesting that everybody is wrong on the point, and that the time has at last come when the verdict of Wisdom—of course as uttered by the voices in question—must be delivered and heeded. We will not trouble to inquire with pains into the identity of those who raise this protest, but may take for granted that investigation would reveal them either as observers who have missed the facts, or as reasoners who have failed in their deductions. In matters of this sort there is a good deal of evolution going on akin to the Teutonic process, which made "inner consciousness" atone for ignorance of natural history. Nothing could possibly be easier, or less likely to end in truth. When therefore, men, knowing little about provincial musical life, and having no experience of provincial festivals, assail them from data supplied by pure imagination, their conduct may be admirable for its audacity, but their conclusions are only fit for jest. Assailants of the typical English festival censure it for what it is, and again for what it is not. In the first case, they complain of undue attention to a few standard works, such as the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, and ask of what possible interest an occasion can be which devotes itself largely to things like these. Underlying the query we see delightful ignorance of the first step to be taken by those who would judge aright. The objector really puts the question for himself, and not as the mouthpiece of the local public, who are primarily and chiefly concerned. He—possibly a *blasé* Londoner—scornfully inquires what interest standard works, performed in a country town, have for him. None at all, perhaps, but that is scarcely the point. The local public, not the *blasé* Londoner, support the festival; wherefore the question really should be, Do the local public find *Elijah* and the *Messiah* works of interest? There is only one answer. In point of fact, the standard oratorios, often so gratuitously sneered at, alone make festivals possible, while the pecuniary gain accruing from their presentation is not seldom turned aside to meet the loss attendant upon novelty. Objectors will hardly go so far as to say that music-lovers, with limited opportunities, get no good by listening to a triennial performance of Handel's or Mendelssohn's masterpiece. They may, it is true, lament the weak appreciation of pathos which delights in "He was despised," and the infirm dramatic faculty that revels in the scene on Mount Carmel. Beyond this the most reckless hardihood would shrink from going openly, whatever, in its secret mind, it may feel disposed to do. We must not, however, delude ourselves with any notion of finality in the campaign now going on against the great acknowledged masters of music. Attacks upon the standard oratorios at provincial festivals are blows delivered in the cause which sneers at Handel as antiquated, at Haydn and Mozart as infantine, and at Mendelssohn as weak; and those who join in such attacks may be credited with a willingness to push them home as far as possible. Happily, the great public remain unconscious of, and unaffected by, the teachings of "superior persons." They crowded to hear the *Messiah* last week in unprecedented numbers, almost pathetically unaware that they should have felt no interest in the work. . . . The charge against English festivals, that they neglect contemporary novelties of commanding importance, appears to us, assuming that such novelties exist, in the light of an absurdity. As a matter of fact, unfamiliar works of reputed value are continually being brought forward. But, waiving this point, it is sufficient to urge that a musical festival must be carried out as a commercial transaction, with due precaution against loss, and careful observation of the taste prevailing among those who buy tickets. Would objectors have it otherwise? If so, why do they not reduce their principles to practice, and organise a festival which shall be aesthetically correct from their point of view and, almost of certainty, financially ruinous? Assuming that they did so, or, which they would greatly prefer, that some one did so for them, no gain could possibly accrue. The new lights would shine not only

in a dark but in a deserted place; and the new oracles speak where there were none to hear. "Let us clear our minds of cant" upon this matter. Public taste can neither be dictated to nor "rushed;" it must be coaxed and gently led, if haply even that prove feasible. Imagine the laughter which would go round were a leader of public opinion to insist that, at the present juncture, drapers should keep Bradford goods only. Yet this would be no more foolish than calling upon festival managers to offer their patrons music about which they do not care, while withholding that they love. For ourselves, we could desire the existence amongst us of a more active musical life and a keener curiosity in artistic concerns; but, failing these things, we are satisfied with our English festivals, believing that, while substantially reflecting prevalent musical taste, they are steadily preparing the way for larger development and fuller and nobler achievement.

BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

WITHIN the past month one of those competitive festivals, organised after the manner not uncommon on the Continent, has been held at our fashionable watering-place, Brighton. The scheme promoted by M. de la Grave, was supported by the use of names distinguished in the musical world, amongst which might be noticed those of Gounod, Benedict, Elvey, Raudegger, Durand, Kuhe, Mattei, Visetti, D'Ingrande, Petit-Jean, Verrinet, Schanne, Torchet père, Baron, Willent-Bordogni, H. A. and F. Simon, Révillon, Torchet fils, De Paris, Corder, Cowen, King, and M. Cressonnois, Chef de Musique de la Gendarmerie, who conducted the opening performances. Societies from Chartres, Mentone, Asnières, Etouy, Fontenay sous-Bois, Mantes, Outarville, Muids, St. Cyr-sur-Morin, Monthéry, Massy, L'Isle Adam, St. Julien-le-Faucon, Chevreuse, Carrières, St. Denis, Hénouville, Villiers-sur-Marne, Sarcelles, Crouy-sur-Ourcq, Chambrourcy, Marly-le-Roi, Bougival, Epéron, Clermont, Mans, Châlons-sur-Marne, Dunquerque, Brussels, Jouy-sur-Eure, Abbeville, Roubaix, Colombes, Cherbourg, St. Just-en-Chaussée, Coulombs, Montmorency, &c., made collectively a body of choral and instrumental performers numbering about two thousand. The meeting took place within the Dome, and on the raised seats of the platform might be recognised those gentlemen who had undertaken to act as umpires. The area of the vast building was chiefly filled by the competitors, who appeared with their banners, wreaths, and medals, trophies of former contests. Our National Anthem, and the usual National Anthem of France at the present time, gave an excellent opportunity for the enthusiasm of players, singers, and listeners; added to these was the "Brabançonne," given in compliment to the large number of Belgians who assisted. A speech by the Mayor of Brighton on the value of such brotherly meetings, and in which he said one chord should be struck by all countries in unison, an address to the Mayor, and a few words in French from Sir Julius Benedict, proclaimed the commencement of business.

The first competitions were by sections of instrumentalists, whose trials at reading *à prima vista* took place in different rooms with closed doors, after which they were united in *concours* before the public. How they acquitted themselves privately need not be too curiously inquired; suffice it that these bodies of Orphéonistes, having come for a holiday, had made their musical acquirements subserve this object, that many displayed a readiness and zeal in what was attempted, and not without a result generally appreciated. At the evening concerts vocal solos were given by Mme. Appia, Mme. Cestillon, and M. Auguez; and these were supplemented by *morceaux* of the different choral and instrumental societies.

FRANZ LISZT, ALS KÜNSTLER, UND MENSCH VON L. RAMANN.

(Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel.)

THIS biographical work, the result of much patience and industry, gives an engaging history of Liszt, and shows what manner of man he is—what his life, what his thoughts, what his habits and conduct. It is divided into chapters, and each of these conveys highly interesting information, both personal and artistic, relative to the character of this remarkable man.

In the first the author describes the position and occupation of Liszt's father, his love for music, his marriage with Anna Lager; and gives characteristics of both father and mother. The second chapter relates the birth of Liszt, and the awakening of his mind. The "Comet" appeared on the 21st October, 1811. It seems Liszt betrayed early a love for the country, and even then was possessed of a religious mind. He was impressed deeply with the music of Beethoven, and manifested a strong desire to play the pianoforte.

In the third chapter we find Liszt fairly launched. He is making rapid progress, and exhibiting a most passionate love for music; in fact, the power and attributes of genius are clearly visible. He falls seriously ill, is near death's door, but recovers. He then begins improvising, and plays with renewed power, and at this period asks himself the question whether he shall become an artist?

In the fourth chapter he has made his decision, and begins to play at concerts in Oedenberg. He plays before Prince Esterhazy in Eisenstadt, and then gives concerts in Pressburg. He now receives a stipend from a Hungarian magnate, and is studying in earnest, at the same time preparing to take his departure from home.

Our subject now becomes a student in the Austrian capital, 1821-3, receives lessons from Czerny and Salieri, makes phenomenal progress both as composer and player, finds favour with the Viennese aristocracy, and gives his first concert in Vienna. Here he meets Beethoven and Schindler, and at his second concert is honoured with the presence of Beethoven. The reputation he gained at this last concert led him to give concerts at Munich, Stuttgart, Strassburg, and Paris. In Paris he was desirous to enter the *Conservatoire*, but was not accepted, he however received lessons from Paër. His successes in the *salons* of the aristocracy, his improvisation, and the peculiarity of his playing in public, are all chronicled in detail.

In the spring of 1824 he commenced a *tournee*, at the same time he began the setting to music of an operetta; he appears in London, both in the drawing-room and the concert-hall. He finishes his operetta, and after engagements in the French provinces, he returns to Paris. Again he is in England, but only to hasten back to Paris, where his operetta received an adverse verdict.

He commences to study counterpoint with Reicha, but soon comes to England, and meets Moscheles. His religious convictions almost cause him to join the priesthood, but his reflections impel him to Boulogne-sur-mer. At this period, which is also that of his father's death, the early portion of Liszt's life is concluded.

The author now takes up his subject at the period of Liszt's individual development. After travelling in Switzerland and Italy he resolves on his future plans, and, being greatly touched by the loss of his father, he removes his mother to Paris. Here she supported herself by giving lessons, while Liszt was suffering from that disturbing element in man's life—love. Whether this was so deep that his mind became affected by it or not, he is again the victim of religious mania, and falls seriously ill, so much so that his death was even announced in *L'Etoile*.

He, however, becomes convalescent, and, after many experiences, he is playing the E flat concerto of Beethoven, when, in 1830, the revolution of July made its terrible eruption. Liszt is carried away with enthusiasm, and projects a grand revolutionary Symphony. Then he is assailed by his old mania, so that, like Mahomet's coffin, he is suspended between the two ideas, and is never master of his own thoughts.

In 1831 Paganini appeared in Paris, and, as might be expected, produced on Liszt's mind an enormous artistic influence. The musical literature of the period is set forth, in which Liszt occupies a prominent figure. A comparison is drawn between the individuality of Berlioz and that of Liszt, and we are introduced to Chopin, for whom the latter entertained great enthusiasm and love. How their minds and manners agreed and varied, and how Liszt played Chopin's music, is told with reference to the book Liszt wrote on Chopin. It seems at this period, when writing what he deems the Church music of the future, Liszt expresses great hatred of the priests; but he really seems to have had a power of change equal to the chameleon. His political antipathies are pronounced, but he never fails to combat for the aristocracy of mind.

After other interesting matter concerning Liszt's views of pianoforte playing, pianoforte transcriptions, and development of artistic individualities, we have the relation of George Sand's influence on him. It is well known she was his ideal woman, for he wrote of her:—"She is no stranger in the supernatural world, she to whom Nature, as to a favoured child, has unloosed her girdle, and unveiled all the caprices, the attractions, the delights which she can lend to beauty. . . . The realm of phantasy has no myth with whose secret she is not familiar." In fact she was for a considerable time his guiding star, and he never played with greater *abandon* than when under her influence.

Details are given of his life in Paris, of his travels, of his retirement, of his literary and artistic career, and of the arrival in Paris of Thalberg; of the enthusiasm for the latter, and the feeling against Liszt. As formerly with Piccini and Gluck, so with Thalberg and Liszt, there were two parties to the quarrel. But Liszt could improvise as well as play Beethoven's music in an unapproachable manner, he could also write a *critique* on Thalberg's composition, and this he did not fail to do. However, both Liszt and Thalberg were induced to play at the concerts of the Prince Belgiojoso, and their friendly reconciliation led to the composition of the *Hexameron* by Liszt.

Again Liszt is travelling, and details are given of his sojourn in Milan, also in Vienna. He lays down a general principle in reference to the æsthetic problem of translating music, general to all the arts, but especially to music, and notices the difference between translating songs and orchestral music. Schubert's songs are passed in review, and Liszt's treatment of them.

The historical consequences of his visit to Italy are related, and these are interspersed with his own remarks on the unity of all arts, and the development of his own artistic individuality; his resolution for the future in regard to his artistic and personal duties. He wavers between the career of a *virtuoso* and that of a conductor. He chooses the former.

Some idea may be formed of the power and mastery of Liszt over the pianoforte from the united testimony of Schumann and Wagner. Schumann said of him: "I have never known any performer except Paganini who possessed in so high a degree the faculty of subjecting, elevating, and leading his public; there was every degree of wildness, tenderness, boldness, and airy grace in his

playing; the instrument glowed under his touch." Richard Wagner said of him: "I have had frequent opportunities of hearing Liszt play Beethoven's music, and it was not a mere reproduction but a real living production as well. And, in my opinion, to reproduce Beethoven it is essential to produce with him."

Copious indices are added of persons, of things, of *tournees* and countries; also a chronological index of the compositions and essays of Liszt.

The work reflects no little credit on the author. Every important event in the life of Liszt is chronicled, and every work of this remarkable man is catalogued with the care of a devotee and an enthusiast.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

A CIRCULAR lately issued in America has for its title "Advantages which would accrue to our Artists, Authors, and Composers, as well as to our public, from a treaty with foreign powers, involving the mutual protection of copyrights."

"1. The works of our authors and composers would not be reprinted abroad, nor could these authors and composers be deprived, in foreign countries, of their well-earned reward.

"2. The works of foreign authors and composers could not be reproduced here, by parties not authorised or protected by law. We should thus not only obtain better reproductions, but the sale of the products of our own authors and composers would no longer be affected by the excessive competition arising from the low prices of counterfeits issued here by unauthorised parties.

"3. Our publishers would remunerate our authors and composers more amply, and not only they, but young, rising talents as well, encouraged and animated by this consideration, would pursue their literary and artistic studies with heightened interest, and with the thoroughness and extent of research indispensable to a higher development. Our nation itself, moreover, would reap the fruits of these increased efforts, and the day would not be far distant when we should become self-sustained, and independent of foreign influence, not only in our technical achievements, our commerce, and our manufactures, but also in our literature and fine arts, and the industrial branches connected with the latter. And this self-reliance and independence should ever be our highest aim."

That the question is not allowed to sleep in England is certain, for a few days since there appeared in *The Times* a letter on the new copyright treaty with America from the eminent publisher, Mr. Marston, in which he points out how vastly more important it is to the English author than to the American, and with what feeling it is regarded by American publishers. Mr. Marston advocates a simple law giving copyright to authors on both sides, but strongly deprecates the proposed treaty with regard to publishers. This he regards as utterly selfish and one-sided, and justly requires its re-construction, for the advantages are all in favour of the American publisher.

Between people of the same race, having the same language, and feeding on the same literature, there should exist a tie of family as well as one of interest. We have a strong claim on America, and although the debt is but a debt of honour, yet it should be discharged quickly, and with the affection of the daughter towards the mother.

OUR MUSIC PAGES.

THE music accompanying our present monthly is, first, one of a set of characteristic pieces (*Mimosen*), entitled "Summer Hours," by C. Gurliitt; and, second, the "Even-

ing Prayer," from "Maiden-Songs" (10 Mädchenlieder), by Carl Reinecke. "Summer Hours" is an idyl of simple beauty, a theme, a sketch, with graceful flow, of facile execution. The melody sings as if played on a bow-instrument, and is withal so lightly accompanied that the song always predominates and charms the ear. The composer, Herr Cornelius Gurliitt, has the highest reputation both for his studies, his sketches, and those numerous educational works with which his name has been long associated. "Evening Prayer" (*Abendgebet*), the composition of a writer of great repute, is a movement which will assuredly be often heard in church. It is devotional in feeling, staid in character, and equable in its flow. Effective alike on the pianoforte, organ, or harmonium, it will suggest itself as a well-adapted voluntary, quite of a tendency prized by organists in general.

THOUGHTS OF GREAT MUSICIANS.

COLLECTED BY LA MARA.

(From the Original German, by C. P. S.)

(Continued from page 171.)

OF HARMONY.

99. THOROUGH BASS and religious faith are subjects so confined within their own limits that they admit of no discussion.—BEETHOVEN, *Schindler's Biography of Beethoven*.

100. That composer alone penetrated the mysteries of harmony, who by its agency is able to act on human feelings.—E. T. A. HOFFMANN, *Phantasistücke*.

101. It is remarkable, nay, almost alarming, that, in order to acquire our present wealth of harmony, we were obliged to deviate from the natural scale. For without our "tempered system" we should be restricted to but a few keys, and should have to dispense altogether with enharmonic interchanges. And yet it appears to me that it is this very deviation from nature which raises music to the dignity of an art, whereas the sister arts have to content themselves with copying nature, even when they idealise her.—L. SPOHR, *Autobiography*, Vol. I.

102. Modulation is a sacred thing; it is in its proper place only where it enhances expression, otherwise it is liable to mar the effect.—C. M. v. WEBER, *Literary Works*.

103. The chief aim of the music we are discussing is harmony; but if it be worth anything, it must be determined by the melody of the several parts.—M. HAUFFMANN, *Letters to Hauser*, Vol. I.

104. The science of harmony is unlimited in its scope, and we can only seek the end by going back to the beginning.—*Idem*, *Harmonics and Metrics*.

105. The uneducated many have no conception of, and no desire for harmony. The pianoforte, which is the modern foundation of all musical training, gives them a certain notion of the progression of chords, but not for that concord of melodies, which is, as it were, the human and individual element in harmony.—*Idem*, *Letters to Hauser*, Vol. II.

106. The minor key has sometimes been termed the "artificial" key, as opposed to the major or "natural" key; but the major is no more a natural than the minor is an artificial key: for both are spontaneous, emanate from our very being, and are above such classification as natural and artificial.—*Idem*, *Harmonics and Metrics*.

107. The study of Thorough Bass, even though it be superficial, conduces to the better understanding of good compositions, for it renders their construction intelligible; indeed, it is the grammar of music, and therefore an indispensable requisite for a deeper insight into the nature thereof.—I. MOSCHELES, *The Life of Moscheles*, Vol. II.

108. It is moderation, and not the excess, of modulation that produces effect.—*Idem*.

109. Major is the active and masculine, minor the passive and feminine element in music. Simple affections choose simple keys for expression; complex ones prefer keys which are unusual and less familiar to the ear.—ROBERT SCHUMANN, *Literary Works*, Vol. I.

110. The empire of harmony has neither beginning nor end.—R. WAGNER, *Literary Works*, Vol. III.

111. Harmony, be it homophonic or polyphonic, is in every case the opposite of melody. In purely vocal music this opposition is represented by the parts which do not render the leading melody. In vocal and instrumental music combined, the voice can render the melody whilst the orchestra has charge of harmony as opposed to the other.—J. RAFF, *The Wagner Question*.

OF RHYTHM.

112. Rhythm constitutes as it were the life and soul of all music.—H. SCHUTZ, *Preface to the Resurrection of Christ*, 1623.

113. It is time that is at once the most necessary, the most difficult, and the most essential requisite in music.—MOZART, *Letter to his Father*, 23rd Oct., 1777.

114. "Tempi ordinari" have become almost impossible, seeing that the composer is led entirely by the inspirations of his unrestrained genius.—BEETHOVEN, *Letters*.

115. A poet invests his monologue or dialogue with a distinctly progressing rhythm, but the reciting artist is obliged to introduce intervals and rests even in passages which the poet himself could not supply. Similarly the composer and the performer, only the mode of recitation is modified according to the number of the performers.—BEETHOVEN, *Schindler's Biography of Beethoven*.

116. The conventional marks of time are nothing but a barbaric relic: for what could be more absurd than the term "allegro," which means gay and lively, as applied to a composition whose character is often the exact opposite of allegro. With regard to the four principal movements, viz., allegro, andante, adagio, and presto, which moreover, are not nearly as true and accurate as the four winds of heaven, we willingly discard them. Not so the terms which indicate the character of a composition—these we cannot dispense with; for as the time is the body, so is the character the spirit of a composition.—BEETHOVEN, *Letters*.

117. Metronome, indeed! He who is imbued with the right spirit requires no such guide; and he who is not so imbued does not benefit by it, for he runs away with his orchestra in spite of the metronome.—BEETHOVEN, *Schindler's Biography of Beethoven*.

118. The "tempo" is not to be like a mill wheel, stopping or propelling the mechanism at pleasure, but rather like the pulse in the human body. There is no slow movement in which certain passages do not require an acceleration of time, so as to prevent dragging. Nor is there a "presto" which does not require a slower tempo in passages whose effect would be marred by too much hurry. But let no one imagine that he is justified in indulging in that foolish mannerism which arbitrarily distorts certain bars. For all these modifications we have no well-defined terms. They are exclusively a matter of feeling, and must come from the heart; but if they do not exist there, neither the metronome nor written signs will supply them.—C. M. v. WEBER, *Letter to Prager*.

119. To invent beautiful forms of rhythm is a thing that cannot be taught. It is one of the rarest gifts in music; rhythm itself is, moreover, the least developed part of modern music.—H. BERLIOZ, *A Travers Chants*.

120. Time is but the mechanical medium, by means of which the composer and the singer understand each other; but this understanding having been brought about, time may be discarded as a used-up and troublesome instrument.—R. WAGNER, *Literary Works*, Vol. V.

(To be continued.)

"Sing with the understanding!" Yet if we did, four hundred and ninety-five out of five hundred pieces of music that are published for singing would have to go into the fire. How is it possible to sing with the understanding the music that is trashily printed and trashily performed, whether it be inarticulate on stringed instruments or whether it be vocalised to words? Music has a relation not simply to imaginative pleasure, which is the

lowest kind of pleasure, but to imaginative pleasure and to pleasure of the understanding as well, which it rises up round about as the atmosphere rises round about the pine-trees and the oak-trees on the mountain-side, washing them clean, and making them stand out in majesty and beauty. Music cleanses the understanding, and lifts it into a realm which it would not reach if it were left to itself.

The true artist is he who perceives in common things a meaning of beauty or sentiment which coarser natures fail to detect. The artist is not an imitator who makes common things on canvas look just like common things anywhere else. *Artist is interpreter.* He teaches men by opening through imitation the message of deeds, events, or objects, so that they rise from the senses, where before they had exclusively presented themselves, and speak to the higher feelings. A man who sees in Nature nothing but materiality, is no more an artist than he is a musician who, in one of Beethoven's Symphonies, hears only noise.—*Beecher*.

DEATH OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT.—In the lamented and tragic death of General Garfield, lately the foremost citizen of the United States, the world has lost a very remarkable man. Self-taught, but with a mind rich in intellectual cultivation, he became self-made, and was at once an example and an honour to humanity. The life of such a one is pregnant with lessons to mankind, and is a silent monitor to all in the path of duty. How truly does it illustrate the words of Washington Irving:—"It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage, and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduousities of art, with which it would rear legitimate dulness to maturity; and to glory in the vigour and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet these will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birthplace all the beauties of vegetation."

Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC IN LEIPZIG.

"FRANCESCA DI RIMINI"—OPERA IN THREE ACTS, BY HERMANN GOETZ.

First Performance at the Town Theatre of Leipzig on 11th August, 1881.

We cannot refuse a testimonial to the director of our theatre for the anxiety he betrays to produce novelties in opera; and it is the more deserving because hitherto little success has attended his efforts. Of the new operas brought out during the last two years only one found an hour's favour, and that was the *Reine de Saba* of Goldmark. All the others died on the evening of their birth or shortly afterwards, and this notwithstanding the artificial *encores* so easily obtained from an enormous *claque*, whose noises were the more hideous in consequence of the emptiness of the house. Already there is apparent an effort to produce those novelties announced for the winter. At the moment other theatres are buckling on their armour for their several campaigns, the performance of a new opera is already announced. We have been obliged to make so long a preface in order to account for the moderate success of the opera in question on our stage. The public remained cold and unmoved until the second act was ended, when, after some applause, a general call was made for the principal singers. At a more favourable time the opera could not have failed to ensure a success equal to what attended it four years ago when given at Mannheim, shortly after the composer's death. Against its dramatic worth much might be said, for the libretto, partly

written by the composer himself, although of a clear and genuine tone, yet lacks dramatic effect. If brilliant and glaring colours in stage pictures be not sought, there will be found a true and clear language in the music of Goetz to *Francesca di Rimini*, which will touch the feelings in a thoroughly agreeable manner. Where the librettist has given opportunity for lyric effect, Goetz has succeeded happily; and, in the second act, great dramatic interest is added by many charming pieces; especially may be noticed the beautiful love-duet. We believe a great future is in store for the opera, and if it be possible to make some few changes in the libretto, or better still, in the scenic arrangements, we do not hesitate to prophesy for it a long and prosperous career. The performance had been carefully prepared by Herr Seidl, and with the exception of a little uncertainty on the part of Fräulein Korbel, who played the rôle of Diana, it had an excellent rendering. The two principal characters, Francesca and Paolo (Frau Schreiber and Herr Lederer), deserve special mention and special praise.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

September 12, 1881.

SUMMER being now over, the theatres, with one exception, have all re-opened, and are studying to attract the public. The theatre not yet open is the Ringtheater, now under the direction of Herr Jauner, formerly director of the Opera. He is a manager who knows how to excite curiosity. *Nulla dies sine linea* is his motto; accordingly we hear every day something new from the Schottenring, where already many entrepreneurs have been ruined, although the theatre has had but a short existence. No doubt even at the Hofoper anxiety is felt for the future; already an interesting programme is sketched as a counterbalance. Halévy's opera, *L'Eclair*, will be the first novelty, so it may be said, not having been heard in Vienna for many years (it was given for the first time in 1849). Produced in Paris, in 1835, at the Opéra Comique, it had a long run. Spontini's *Vestale* and Schubert's *Alfonso and Estrella* (an opera which pleased much at Carlsruhe when given, March 22, 1881) are amongst the announcements. Gluck's *Orpheus* is in rehearsal, and this will be a touchstone for that young and very talented singer, Fräulein Papier. To continue with our Gäste of last month, I have to mention Fräulein Laura Friedmann from the Stadttheater in Cologne, who has performed Margarethe von Valois, Leonore (in *Troubadour*), and Isabella. Her voice, however, is found too weak for our vast house. Herr von Reichenberg, from Hanover, has continued his performances, with Walter Fürst and Rocco, and Herr Wiegand from Leipzig, his with Count St. Bris, Gessler, and the King (in *Aida*) both parts with tolerable success. Fräulein Bréthol, from Dresden, whom I mentioned as Donna Anna, continued with Bertha and Salamith (in *Königin von Saba*), and pleased much, showing decided talent.

The tenor Herr Broulik, from Leipzig, being already engaged for the beginning of next year, shortened his stay in Vienna. We heard him as Johann von Leyden, Manrico, and Assad (in *Königin von Saba*), and he confirmed the hope that he may become a first-rate Helden tenor. Since that time, incredible to say, we have had no Gastspiele whatever. The new comer, Herr Peschier, made his debut as Count Almaviva, and Fräulein Bianchi re-appeared, after a long interval, as Katharina (in the *Nordstern*) and Rosina (in *Barbiere*), and charmed her hearers as before. *Aida* will be next performed, for the 100th time; likewise *Lohengrin*, which will also have reached its 100th, wanting two. *Oberon* has been twice performed, conducted by Herr Jahn, the director. *Der betrogene Kadi*, an operetta by Gluck, is still much in favour; I think it would be an acquisition for one of your smaller theatres. The Theater an der Wien, in the suburbs of Wieden, is rehearsing a new operetta by Johann Strauss. The Carltheater, in the suburbs of Leopold Stadt, has a change of operetta every evening—*Boccaccio*, *Gasconier*, *Donna Juanita*, *Fatinita*, &c. Both these latter opened on the 1st of September. In my next I hope to be able to give the programme of the great musical societies for next winter.

Operas performed in the Hofoper from August 13th to September 12th were *Freischütz* (twice), *Oberon* (twice), *Hugenholtz*, *Prophet* (twice), *Wilhelm Tell*, *Troubadour*, *Hans Heiling*, *Robert der Teufel*, *Königin von Saba* (twice), *Der betrogene Kadi* and a ballet (twice), *Tannhäuser* (twice), *Fidelio*, *Mignon*, *Lohengrin* (twice), *Faust*, *Aida*, *Der Nordstern* (twice), *Loreley* (fragment by Mendelssohn) and a ballet, *Barbier von Sevilla*, *Africanerin*, *Aus der Heimat* (Singspiel) and a ballet.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—Permit me the use of your columns for making a suggestion which, if acted upon, would, I venture to think, prove of great value to all serious students of music. I will occupy as little of your space as is compatible with my purpose; but I should like to adduce the principal reasons which have led me to hope that this suggestion may find favour with those to whom it is offered.

Every important work of art has two special and distinctive aspects: the first, its relation to the department of art to which it belongs—for example, to music, painting, sculpture, or architecture, as the case may be; the second, to the personal history of its author, the development of his genius, and the peculiar circumstances by which he was surrounded, or which were operating upon his mind, at the time when he produced the work in question. It has been said that men are even more the children of their age than of their parents; that is, that however marked their genius may be, it is always the result of the mental and moral atmosphere in which they are reared, plus their own force and individuality. The general truth of this position will hardly be disputed, I imagine. It harmonises entirely with the synthesis which the doctrine of evolution places on so secure a basis, and is the true key to that classification of the works of the human mind, which is not only necessary to a clear understanding of their relations to each other, but is also so valuable in enabling us to estimate the force and direction of those currents of thought and sentiment which carve out the channel in which the mind of our race is destined subsequently to travel. Great men may be compared to lenses, in which the scattered rays of light are focalised, and become centres of an intense light and heat. The more powerful the lens, the greater will be its effects. Or, perhaps, better still, such men may be compared to the convex glass of a powerful lantern, which projects the rays from the flame behind it, and opens up a path of light, the length and lustre of which are proportionate to the force at the back, and the power and clearness with which its own office is performed.

It would be easy to illustrate this position by references to the history of religion, science, philosophy, and all the arts. But I should find but small excuse for trespassing on your own space, or the attention of your readers, with matter which, in greater or less degree, is the familiar possession of all.

Regarding the great musicians from the point of view which I have here taken, each of them bears some definite relation to the period in which he lived, and each of his works carries the impress of his own history, and the development of his mind, at the time when it was written. The music of the first half of the eighteenth century was quite different from that of the second half; and the music of the year 1881 differs widely in many respects from that of the period which closed in 1830.

Again, in regard to the different works of individual composers, the Beethoven of the Septett or *Adelaide*, or the trios for violin, tenor, and violoncello, was not the Beethoven of the Choral Symphony or the Posthumous Quartets, any more than the Shakespeare of the *Tempest* was the Shakespeare of *Lea*, *Hamlet*, or *Measure for Measure*. However prodigious may be the genius of any man, he cannot be at the age of twenty-five what he becomes at forty. It is true that the creative powers displayed by young composers have produced what seem to us average men like intellectual miracles. Mendelssohn wrote his Octett at the age of fifteen, the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at eighteen, and Schubert the *Erlkönig* at twenty. Still, the mind obeys definite laws, and difficult though it may be for us to discover them, every fresh fact supplies new material for our generalizations, and brings us nearer to the conclusions we seek to arrive at. It is in a high degree interesting to trace the development of individual minds, the operation of external currents of thought upon them, and the appearance in them of those germs of new thought which eventually become the leading characteristics of their genius, and new influences in the growth of art itself.

Having said thus much, the practical suggestion I have to make is, that the publishers of the works of the great composers should inscribe upon their title-pages not only the *opus* of each work, but, so far as it is ascertainable, the date of its composition, and of the birth and death (in case he is dead) of the author. I cannot doubt that this inexpensive addition to the title-pages of these works would be received with great satisfaction by every serious student of the biographical history of music.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. G. HOWELL.

London, 5th Sept., 1881.

Reviews.

Popular Pieces for the Pianoforte, by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Selected, partly arranged, and revised by E. PAUER. London: Augener & Co.

THIS volume, containing seventeen characteristic pieces, is of immense value to the student, and of great interest to the amateur, owing to the date of each composition being added. Herr Pauer has done good service to Schumann, and presents him here chronologically, so that we journey step by step with our author. As with the *Grades ad Parnassum* of Clementi, however, we find in the earlier numbers an equality of power which proves how ripe was the intellect before putting pen to paper. These pieces breathe of an earnestness of purpose which is ever grateful, and speak from the heart of the composer. The first, *Polonaise* (from *Les Papillons*, Op. 2), bears the date 1831. It exhibits an interchange of rhythm, a charming *tempo rebato*, and a figure of passage not often found in early works of even great composers. No. 2, *Promenade* (from *Le Carnaval*, Op. 9), composed 1835. Every bar shows thought; all the progressions have a purpose, and testify to the author's learning as well as his fancy. No. 3, Two pieces (from the *Davidbündler*, Op. 6), composed 1837, are of a fragmentary nature, but both possess great charm of expression, and show a perfect mastery of harmony. No. 4, *Whims, Grillen* (from the *Phantasie-stücke*, Op. 12), composed 1837. This scherzo and trio are well marked in rhythm, and the "Whim" is not absent in the cadence. No. 5, *Dreaming, Träumerei* (from *Scenes from Childhood*, Op. 15), composed 1838. A lovely melody is one feature of this number, and treated with the delight of a lover of counterpoint, the theme and its reprise being always invested with interest. How charmingly the cadence with its pause brings the movement to an end has but to be heard to be admired. No. 6, *A Fragment* (from *Kreisleriana*, Op. 16). The adoption of the ancient figure here gives the movement a *cachet* of old times, but the progressions through which it is led show the power of the composer to carry on and strengthen the idea in an admirable manner, and the persistency of his sequence leading to the reprise is worthy of all praise. The insistency of his *synopses* in the middle of the second movement deserve attention. No. 7, *Novellette* (Op. 21), composed 1838. This march and trio proclaim the musician's work throughout. The progressions of harmony are thoughtful, and evince power, and in the trio is a kind of echo of a preceding phrase which is happy in idea and natural in expression. The interruption by the contrapuntal intermezzo enables the author to play with his subject, and to make the trio re-enter gracefully, and lead to the reprise of the march. There is great command of harmony, and the knowledge of its bearings. No. 8, *Arabesque* (Op. 18), composed 1839. Much elegance characterises this number, which has two trios and a coda. A charming melody, graced with an accompaniment of a figure used by Beethoven and others, is followed by an intermezzo, subtly arrested by a sequence of harmonies to bring the reprise, after which is a second short intermezzo bringing back the original subject, and this is followed by a coda which ends the movement with a tender repose. No. 9, *Fragment* (from *Hunoreske*, Op. 20), composed 1839. This movement might have been written by John Cramer; the style is that in which he played and wrote. It is purely legato, but here with more frequent use of modern passage there is a clearness of rhythm and phrase which are both engaging and highly effective. The little coda is innocent and of child-like simplicity. No. 10, *Night Vision, Nachtstück* (Op. 23), composed 1839. This is really a *Volkstied* for

the pianoforte, and excellent it is in its arpeggio manner. The passages in imitation in the intermezzo portion are skillfully used to bring back the opening phrase of the movement, which is ended with a short coda. No. 11, *Slumber Song, Schlummerlied* (from *Album Leaves*, Op. 124), composed 1841. Words fail to express the exquisite charm of this melody. It has all the feminine delicacy of Mendelssohn, and its purity of thought and elegance of form give to it a unique character. No. 12, *Oriental Picture* (Op. 66), composed 1848. This movement has been arranged from the author's duet by Herr Pauer. It is a stream of cantabile melody, and every point is made to stand out. No. 13, *Sailor's Song, Matrosenlied* (from *Album for Young People*, Op. 68), composed 1848. A *Volkstied* is this Sailor's Song, and a very jolly one. One may almost hear the "yo-ho" each time the theme commences. To the very last chord all is in true character. No. 14, *Wayside Inn, Herberge* (from *Forest Scenes*, Op. 82), composed 1848. Never was a more lovely melody written than this, and never had melody a more charming treatment. They are intertwined as the tendrils of the plant. The touches of the artist in sounds constantly relieve the simplicity of the idea, and claim admiration, whether by sequence or other artifice, of the composer. Even before the coda the suspended harmony forces a bow, and again another in the *point d'orgue*. No. 15, *Hunting Song, Jagdlied* (from *Forest Scenes*, Op. 82), composed 1848. In every way true is this Hunting Song. One may fancy one sees the huntsman and hears the horns. The change of rhythm is well-timed, and gives a strength to the accent befitting its character. The trio is well in keeping, and the reflection of the original subject concludes a movement of great vigour and life. No. 16, *Study* (from the "Six Studies for the Pedal Piano," Op. 56), composed 1845. Arranged by E. Pauer. A cantabile and elegant melody with accompaniment of harmonies is here exhibited; the cadence is interrupted, and the movement assumes a contrapuntal phrase; then there is a return of the original subject, which is brought to a close, and has the addition of a short coda. Such is the "study," and the presentation of its form and progress. No. 17, *March*. (Op. 76.) Composed 1849. Full of vigour and rhythm sharply marked, the march is bold and effective. The author is sensitively careful in introducing his trio, for which he makes a preparation, but is less ceremonious in his return to the march, to which he takes the shortest road.

These pieces are very favourable specimens of Robert Schumann's manner of writing. There is nothing careless, nothing slipshod, nothing but what betrays the serious thought of a well trained, well educated mind. They are an honour to the country that gave birth to an artist so conscientious, and no less so to Herr Pauer for collecting and fingering them.

Popular Pieces for the Pianoforte, by FRANZ LISZT. Edited and Revised by E. PAUER. London: Augener & Co.

AMONGST the many works of this celebrated composer, these are some of the most beautiful that have come from his pen. They all display the master-mind and fancy of the apt genius who adorns whatever he touches. Every phase of feeling and passion passes under his review, and receives a colour and halo which heightens its interest.

The first of the set, "Consolation," is an original movement, a *cantabile* of exquisite grace and beauty. It is a song without words, and so well adapted to make the instrument sing that the composer stands where the ancient professors of singing stood. They have fallen from their high estate, and it is no usurpation if we find the great pianoforte writers now occupying their throne, by writing music which the instrument sings.

The second of the set, the Litany song of Franz Schubert, is like a solemn piece of architecture in the loving hands of the decorator. All is in stately keeping, its sanctity is never disturbed, but its purity is made to reveal itself in strong and accumulative power. The third number is the celebrated "Wanderer," of the same composer (Franz Schubert), which from the grasp of Liszt and the force he has used with it has the effect of an arrangement *à quatre mains*. It is an admirable specimen of his best handling. The fourth is the "Liebeslied" (Devotion) of Robert Schumann, which is transparent in its earnest and clear simplicity, and offers opportunity for the well

arranged *crescendo*. It is one of the easier numbers for the player. The fifth, "Cujus animam," is the celebrated aria from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. This receives the tribute of Liszt's devoted care, for he has invested the verse of the *Stabat* with every appliance which could place before the listener the awful picture of the moment of the crucifixion. The effect is as of an army marching, and not of a mere battalion of troops passing in the distance. No. 6, "Le Rossignol," a song by A. Alabieff, is full of character, capricious in form, grateful in reprise, and with a cadence on the depressed sixth of the mode which is artfully modulated, and is a study to the musician. No. 7, "Canzone Napolitana," a nocturno of moderate difficulty as regards execution, but of infinite charm in its construction. It is a movement of exceeding beauty, and its close with broken phrases are touches for the heart by a magician. No. 8, "Ungarisch," from Ferdinand David's *Bunte Reihe*. Quaint in treatment, but sweet in expression, this movement is thoroughly characteristic of the country associated with it. It is within the reach of moderate players. No. 9, "La Regata Veneziana," nocturno from the famous "Soirées Musicales" of Rossini. What vigour is here manifested, what clearness of rhythm, what crispness of melody! Hand in hand with Rossini, Liszt treads the ground with light heart and unflinching step. There is no disappointment in expectation. No. 10, "Grand Galop Chromatique" (simplified by E. Pauer). Herr Pauer has shown mercy where Liszt was inexorable, and has consequently increased the number of Liszt's *clientèle*. The Galop, so fiery, so impetuous in its course, so magnificent in its progress, is here presented without the enormous difficulties of the original. It is one of the best examples of the power over counterpoint possessed by Liszt, and his masterful use of it will uphold his great and deserved reputation as an accomplished writer of the first order.

Three Songs (Drei Gedichte im Volkston). By CARL WITTKOWSKY. Composed by MORITZ MOSKOWSKI. Op. 26
London: Augener & Co.

ORIGINAL in idea, skillfully written, and truthful in their character as *Volkslied*, these three songs are full of charm and interest. The first, "Ich frage nicht," is a graceful minuet melody, a re-creation of No. 2 "Germany" (*Deutschland*), from the author's celebrated suite of duets "From foreign parts" (*Aus aller Herren Länder*). This melody now appears in its real character of *Volkslied*. The second, "O süsseste Noth!" is a well-developed theme, with many changes of colour, as becomes "love concealed." The third an allegro movement, "Auf, hinaus," betrays the restlessness of spirit which Spring engenders, to haste and enjoys its delights. Very charming is the *meno mosso* and its tender touches of the heart of the wanderer, who in the reprise is soon impelled towards her he loves. These are songs of a true musician, having a mind in sympathy with what is excellent.

The Piper o' Dundee. New Version of an Old Song. Arranged for Solo and Chorus. By J. B. MACDONALD. Methven, Simpson & Co., Nethergate, Dundee.

THE tune is unmistakably written in the old mode without the modern leading note; if this had been omitted in the cadence which concludes both strains of the solo, there could arise no question about its antiquity. It possesses those elements of nationality which are ever dear to our northern brethren, and will continue to be so as long as a piper is found to elate and subdue their innermost feelings.

A Dictionary of Musicians (A.D. 1460-1881). Edited by GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L. Vol. III. Macmillan & Co., London.

THE issue of Part XIV. continues the notice of Herr Richter, with the dates of his prominent actions as a conductor, the more recent of which was his appearance last season in London with

such favourable results. In the latter part of the notice we read: "As a musician he is a self-made man, and enjoys the peculiar advantages which spring from that fact." What these advantages are we are at a loss to divine. Generally speaking, the man who is self-taught has been a great loser of time. It follows naturally that such a man must blunder very frequently before he finds the direct road—this would have been pointed out to him unerringly had he had the advantage of being taught by a master. What made Mozart and Mendelssohn the early composers they were but the excellent teaching they had both received? It may be possible for the merchant and the tradesman to be "self-made," but for the artist who is not content to remain the amateur it is impossible, unless a miracle supplies the place of a teacher. The Ricordi family are deservedly noticed in connection with their immense publishing establishment. Only a short notice of Wagner's opera *Rienzi* finds a place. This work, from its real merits, demands more extended observation. Written at a period when vocal phrases of considerable breadth were deemed not inappropriate for the singer by the composer, and these of almost Italian character were provided, *Rienzi* may be considered the most purely vocal of Wagner's works. To a subject of the highest interest he has given musical expression of the loftiest order, and in no instance has he failed to portray in suitable tones the heroic and exalted nature of the plot, and withal the singer is never out of his own element either in declamation, song, or *ensemble*.

The name of Ries calls up associations of unusual interest in connection with Beethoven. Ferdinand Ries enjoyed more than any other man the rare communion and friendship of him who, like Shakespeare, was "for all time." So imbued was he with the manner of his master, that Beethoven said, truly, "He imitates me too much." His works reflect the matter, but the spirit was too subtle to be caught. Notwithstanding, to be the shadow of such a substance was not a light honour.

The name of Rink will ever be dear to the student of organ music. His elementary works for the instrument, like those of Czerny for the pianoforte, have been the guiding power for the youth of many generations, and a debt of gratitude is due for them.

Romani claims notice for his beautiful *libretti* which he prepared for the composers of the "golden age" of melody, and to which their beautiful music is wedded: witness Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, &c.

Jacob Rosenhain, a distinguished pupil of Schnyder von Wartensee, also of Schmitt, Kalliwoda, and Cherubini, is with reason entitled to a prominent notice. Both as composer and pianist he has been held in the highest estimation by the artistic world, and his constant retirement is not without the regret of those who know what are his brilliant gifts and attainments.

Rossini, like a royal personage, commands our attention, and deservedly occupies many pages in Mr. Grove's work. The notice is admirably written, and supplies details of the life and works of perhaps the greatest giant that ever wrote for the lyric stage. What his genius effected in the style of writing for the opera after he took up his residence in Paris can scarcely be measured. He no longer practised the *dolce far niente* of his own countrymen, but seized all the quick and brilliant forms of the country he adopted, put his ideas in compact shape, and made them thoroughly cognate to their situation in the drama. Indeed, his attention to dramatic truth has absolutely preserved from oblivion the unhappy libretto supplied for his last opera.

Rubini, the king amongst singers, no less commands our admiration. In vain we look around for even a pretender to the throne of this great artist. To describe his powers we have but to point to the songs he sang. Who dare attempt them? Where is the industrious student to venture? Yet within the memory of many still living, these songs were heard sung with a power of vocalisation that may be described as perfect. Did Rubini possess the mechanism to do such marvels by natural means only? Certainly not; but he worked, and by work achieved!

Rubinstein (Anton Gregor) was in our midst but yesterday, and both as composer and pianist asserting the possession of powers remarkable for originality and daring almost without parallel. With a mechanism of power yet delicacy he is without a rival as a performer, while as a composer he evinces that

forethought whether of melody or harmony which illustrates the theory of his teaching. As for his colouring it is without blemish, whatever the character intended is unmistakably imprinted on his music. His energy is only exceeded by his industry.

The Sacred Harmonic Society has been productive of so much good that to notice its labours is to extend its benefits. Never have the noble works of Handel been heard with such grand and overpowering effect as at the concerts of this Society, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. With him it has been a labour of love to devote his powers to this end, and with the Society it has been a pride and glory to second and aid his efforts. Only one wish remains, that the author of such imperishable material could visit us in the flesh, and hear with his own ears his divine harmony.

Of Alessandro Scarlatti and Domenico Scarlatti notices worthy of their great fame are given. The former may be said to be the father of the opera, and the latter that of the art of pianoforte playing. Each of these great men is a landmark in the history of music, and it is not easy to estimate the enormous benefit derived from their labours.

The much abused Schikaneder receives timely notice. Poor man, he little thought that whenever *Die Zauberflöte* was performed he was to be vilified and dubbed an ass, because he had furnished Mozart with a story which after all does not fail to point its moral or adorn its tale—virtue is rewarded and vice condemned.

One of the last names of mark is that of Schnyder von Wartensee, of whom some particulars are given. He was a distinguished teacher, and had amongst his English pupils John Barnett, the author of "The Mountain Sylph," "Fair Rosamond," &c., Josiah Pittman, &c. Small justice has been done this remarkable man—remarkable for his literary as for his professional acquirements. A veritable encyclopædia of learning might be added to his name. His theory was that of Vogler diffused through his own system of mathematics. So perfectly in accord in their admiration of their common master Vogler were Schnyder and Meyerbeer, that the latter, being anxious to possess a complete copy of the writings of Vogler which had appeared in a desultory form, prevailed on Schnyder to break the series he possessed and make himself the happy owner of Vogler's entire writings.

MINOR ITEMS.

(Published by Augener & Co., London.)

Aus der Jugendzeit (From Youth's Happy Day), Volkslied. By ROB. RADECKE. Partaking essentially the form and character of the *Volkslied* this solo is composed for soprano or contralto voice, and has already secured great popularity in Germany. It has an excellent English translation of the German added from the pen of N. Trübner, which will not fail to add to its general favour. *Elysium.* Song by FRANZ SCHUBERT. The present edition is the first which has appeared with English words. The song treats of humanity—having passed through its several stages, and at length enjoying the blessed repose of Elysium. The wintry shadow gives way to May, the pilgrim lays down his burden for aye; he who wak'd at battle's roar the clash of arms will hear no more! those who lov'd find perfum'd kiss, hearts unite in endless bliss! Each stage of trial has its corresponding tone in the music, the study of which will be found an agreeable exercise.—*Sabbath Bells*, a vocal duet by FRANZ ABT. The music of old men, like their conversation, is marked by that tranquillity of expression which is dear to many. "Sabbath Bells" conveys to the ear and the heart accents which breathe the repose and devotion of the veteran composer. Simple, touching, and true is the quality expressed.—*Greeting*, Chorus for female voices, from the cantata "Little Red Riding Hood," by FRANZ ABT. The chorus is written for first and second soprani and contralti, "Little Red Riding Hood" taking up the strain towards the end. This part-song is a veritable boon for the members of choral societies, who would find in it scope for practice, and that of a graceful and finished style. Every bar betrays the polish of the

cunning hand, every bar breathes his unaffected and sweet melody, and to the refined mind such music offers the noblest occupation. *To the Nightingale.* Song, by CARL REINECKE. Words by ELIZABETH KULMANN. This is a simple setting of an address to the nightingale; it has a refrain which gives life to the composition, but the phrase is short, and the song itself might be a *Volkslied*. *Concone's Fifty Lessons for a Medium Voice.* (Voice part, class edition.) These celebrated lessons form one of the best of the many singing methods in general use. They are here arranged for medium voice, the Canto alone, without accompaniment. Embracing every species of passage, easy and difficult, no better book could be placed in the hands of the student. Their value has the united testimony of all good teachers.

Concerts and Opera.

A WELCOME sound to all amateurs is the note of preparation heard on all sides announcing the commencement of our winter concerts.

First, the Sacred Harmonic Society—which it is to be observed celebrates its Jubilee or fiftieth year of existence—proposes to give Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, *Messiah*, and *Solomon*, Macfarren's *St. John the Baptist*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, Haydn's *Creation*, and Costa's *Eli*. The concerts, as usual, will be conducted by Sir Michael Costa.

The Popular Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Chappell, will commence on October 31 and be continued until April 3. The Saturday Concerts will commence on November 5, and be continued till April 1.

A repetition of Berlioz's *Faust* will take place with the same cast of characters as brought the work so favourably before the public when recently given, conducted by Mr. Hallé, on November 26.

Two concerts, conducted by Herr Richter, will take place on October 24 and 29, one in the morning, the other in the evening. These concerts will be of interest to the admirers of Wagner's latest efforts as well as to the general public. The Saturday concerts at the Crystal Palace will also be shortly resumed under the conduct of Herr Manns.

The Brixton Choral Society, directed by Mr. W. Lemare, announces a series of four concerts, the first of which is to take place on the 3rd instant.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden have had a continued success, and the pianoforte playing of Mlle. Timanoff, a pupil of Rubinstein, has met with deserved and rapturous approval.

ITALIAN OPERA AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.—During the provincial engagements of Mr. Irving and his company, an arrangement has been concluded by Mr. Samuel Hayes to give a series of performances of Italian Opera at the Lyceum Theatre. The *répertoire* will embrace favourite operas of the lighter character, supported by *artistes* of high repute, and all details of the management will be found of a highly efficient character. Signor Li Calsi will undertake the duties of conductor, Mr. Carrodus will be leader of the orchestra, Mr. Pittman will superintend the chorus, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper will be at the pianoforte. Among the names of the principal *artistes* will be found those of Mlle. Marimon, Mlle. Leon Duval, Mlle. Isidor, Mlle. Le Brun, Miss Rose Hersee, Signor Frapoli, Signor Vizzani, Signor Padilla, Signor Antonj, Signor Antonucci, Signor Ponsard, Signor Zoboli, and Mr. Walter Bolton. One condition of the agreement between Mr. Irving and Mr. Hayes is, that the charges of admission shall undergo no change from those in ordinary at the Lyceum. This will prove a boon to the public, and place the entertainment within the reach of many real lovers of music.

Musical Notes.

AN artiste of great power on the pianoforte, Herr Perabo, a pupil of Moscheles in Leipzig, who has of late passed much time in Boston, United States, is now in London, on his way back to Leipzig. We had hoped he might have been induced to remain here for a season, at least that he might have had an opportunity to display his qualities, which are of a high order both as performer and composer. Herr Perabo has done good service to art, for he has been most zealous in introducing to America the latest works, orchestral and instrumental, which have recently appeared in Europe.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.—The Corporation of the City of London must be congratulated on the continued progress attending their efforts to disseminate a knowledge of music, and the principal, Mr. Weist Hill, not less so on the zeal with which the interests of the school are promoted. The number of students already receiving instruction amounts to seven hundred and fifty, and applications have been made which will shortly raise the number to one thousand.

SYDNEY MUSICAL UNION.—The report of the fifth season, to June, 1881, has been received, and offers a satisfactory and encouraging record of the musical doings of its founders and supporters. During the past season there have been held thirty-eight vocal, twenty-six instrumental, and five combined rehearsals of chorus and orchestra. A varied and interesting selection of music has provided entertainment and instruction to the members of the Society, which has our best wishes for its prosperity.

WEBER'S OPERAS.—This year a cyclis of all the operas of Carl Maria von Weber is to be given at the Grand Opera in Leipzig. Is London to be behind Vienna, Hamburg, Leipzig, and other musical cities of the Continent? Is England ever to be out of the race in doing honour to the great and true art in? Has she no mission to fulfil, no gratitude to offer? Is she too dull to stir herself in such means for the education of her people?

THE friends of Franz Liszt arranged to celebrate the 70th anniversary of this great man's birth by a performance of his oratorio, *Die heilige Elisabeth*, in his presence at Weimar.

XAVIER SCHARWENKA has lately received the honour of being appointed K. K. Kammervirtuoso to His Majesty the Emperor of Austria.

THE new opera of M. Leneveu (*Prix de Rome*) will be in the hands of Messrs. Chappell before Christmas. Heinrich Hofmann's new opera, *William of Orange*, will be published by Breitkopf and Härtel. Mlle. Scharwenka, a cousin of the celebrated composer of that name, now a pupil of Mme. Viardot, will shortly appear in opera. She is reputed to be a highly-gifted soprano.

THE latest opera of Strauss, *Der lustige Krieg*, will be performed in Vienna in November.

THERE is scarcely a town in Sweden which has not in the open air its orchestra playing on the raised platform or kiosque. It is a feature in all the public gardens, where first-rate music may be heard.

To all interested in the welfare of music for the sanctuary the meeting of the Church Congress at Newcastle on the 4th inst. will not be without signs of encouragement. Special consideration is to be given to the "Modes in which Religious Life may be influenced by Art." Under this head will be advocated the claims of architecture, music, painting, and sculpture. Amongst those who will attend, and who have always been conspicuous in upholding the "Beauty of Holiness," may be noticed the names of the Right Honourable Beresford Hope, the Right Honourable A. J. B. Parry, and many others of distinguished position.

AMONGST our curiosities lately to be seen in the National Exhibition at Munich was the pianoforte of Donizetti. To show the affection he entertained for his instrument, Donizetti had charged his brother-in-law by letter to keep it in sacred remembrance. He wrote to this effect:—"Never sell this pianoforte for any price whatever. Therein is enclosed my entire musical life from the year 1822." A brass plate on the lid of the instrument records these words.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.*

SPRING.

There is a maiden, bright and fair,
Whose form is welcome ev'rywhere.
Each year, when Winter, cowering, flies,
She comes with sunlight in her eyes;
Her robes bedecked with flow'rets gay,
And scatt'ring blossoms on her way!
This lovely maid, of whom I sing,
You all have seen; her name is "Spring!"

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At her approach rare perfumes rise,
And, like sweet incense, mount the skies!
The snowdrop shows its modest head,
All smiling, from its earthy bed;
And yonder, over dale and hill,
Is seen the fair young daffodil!
O lovely maid! thy praise I sing;
I long to greet thee, charming Spring!

The meadows still are bleak and bare,
The sky o'ercast, and chill the air;
Yet, fairest Spring, thy face I see,
Soon, soon I know thou'lt comfort me!
Then, mortals, tho' your hearts be drear,
Have faith, your God is ever near!
O let your voice His praises sing,
For He can send Eternal Spring!

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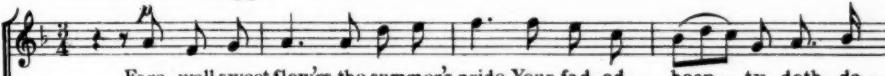
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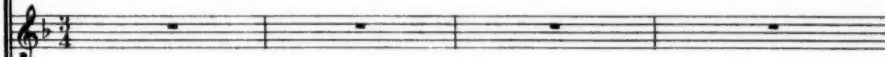
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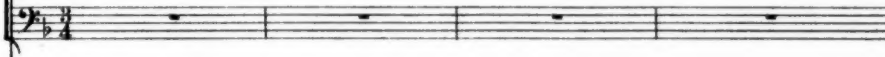
Music by


*Henry Smart.**Andante non troppo.* ♩ = 44.

TREBLE.  Fare - well sweet flow'rs, the summer's pride, Your fad-ed beau - ty doth de -

ALTO.  Fare - well sweet flow'rs, the summer's pride, Your fad-ed beau - ty doth de -

TENORE. 

BASSO. 

PIANO.  *p*

cresc. ride, The gar - den walks of you be - left, *dim.* Have nei - ther joy nor fra - grance

cresc. ride, The gar - den walks of you be - left, *dim.* Have nei - ther, nei - ther joy nor fra - grance

cresc.  *dim.*

left nei-ther joy nor fra - grance left. The Au-tumn winds breathe forth a
 left nei-ther joy nor fra - grance left. The Au-tumn winds breathe forth a
 The Autumn winds breathe forth breathe forth a
 The Au-tumn winds breathe forth breathe forth a

sigh The for-est leaves come drifting, drift-ing by, A-bove the hills the rain clouds
 sigh The for-est leaves come drift - ing by, A-bove the hills the rain clouds
 sigh The for-est leaves come drift - ing by, A-bove the hills the rain clouds
 sigh The for-est leaves come drift - ing, drift-ing by, A-bove, a-bove the hills the rain clouds

sweep Then fall up - on your graves and weep, up - on your graves and weep.
 sweep Then fall up - on your graves and weep, then fall up - on your graves and weep.
 sweep Then fall up - on your graves and weep, then fall up - on your graves and weep.
 sweep Then fall up - on your graves and weep, up - on your graves and weep.

pp

Still though ye fade — and leave no trace That tells — that —

pp

Still though ye fade — and leave no trace That

pp

Still though ye fade — and leave no trace That tells of

pp

Still though ye fade — and leave no trace That tells of

poco cresc.

tells of love - li - ness and grace, Our hearts should feel no

poco cresc.

tells of love - li - ness and grace, Our hearts should feel no vain re -

poco cresc.

love - - li - ness and grace, Our hearts should feel no vain re -

poco cresc.

love - - li - ness and grace, Our hearts should feel no vain re -

vain re-gret, Our droop-ing thoughts find so-lace yet. Our droop-ing

gret, Our droop-ing thoughts find so-lace yet. Our droop-ing

gret, — Our droop-ing thoughts find so-lace yet. — Our droop-ing

gret, — Our droop-ing thoughts find so - lace yet. Our droop-ing

thoughts find so-lace yet. Farewell sweet flow'rs, a-round you cling Hopes that

thoughts find so-lace yet. Farewell sweet flow'rs, a-round you cling Hopes that fore-

thoughts find so-lace yet. Farewell sweet flow'rs, a-round you cling Hopes that fore-

thoughts find so - lace yet. Fare - well A-round you cling Hopes

— fore-tell of fu-ture spring, When from the Earth as from a tomb, A-gain you

tell — of fu-ture spring, When from the Earth as from a tomb, A-gain you

tell — of fu-ture spring, When from the Earth as from a tomb, A-gain you

that fore-tell of fu-ture spring, When, — when as from a tomb, A-gain you

shall a - rise and bloom, A - gain you shall a - rise and bloom.

shall a - rise and bloom, A - gain you shall a - rise and bloom.

shall a - rise and bloom, A - gain you shall a - rise and bloom.

shall a - rise and bloom, A - gain you shall a - rise and bloom.